

Epitome

Butterfingers

Out of out of an observation through an undead nation
Should I believe in things I've never thought is right
A narrow opening, lips burning, drink too sour
And if you see a kite we could be flying high And if it's ok that now you're laughing over someone
And i'm sure you will have a happy time to be
And if you touch the sky your feet hand glide on upside
The smile is seize to siege for everybody so...
Why ? And I was wrong quite right cha' never told me to shut up
There are crazy things that trying to be hide
I stay awake all night as long as I have me... hey...
Bury a cheese of mice so we could be nice for life How ? how ? how ?
Hooo... Oooo
Hooo... Oooo
So i need you...
Out of out an... yeah...

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